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THE VIRGIN OF THE PORTAL
Amiens Cathedral

G. Enright

Plain Chant and Incense. . .

Christian Frills?

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD

IRATE Mrs. O'Riley fumed and spluttered with righteous wrath when the "heretically modernistic" new pastor insisted gently, but with undeniable force, on removing the lush cherubs from the "wedding-cake" altar. Stiff lipped members of the congregation, horrified at his audacity, rose in noisy alarm when the gilt and red gingerbread trimmings disappeared. And when the profusion of artificial and natural but wilted excuses for flowers that usually overstuffed the gradines in back of the altar were removed for two artistically arranged bouquets, even the least bold feminine members of the laity arose with the challenge in their pious eyes.

Brought up on lace and scalloped edges, those "frills" that the virile masculinity had always born martyr-like for the sake of the womenfolk, sentimental femininity reacted explosively. But only at first. In many a parish with priests zealous for the living of the supernatural life by their spiritual charges, this awakening to the worth of the liturgy has taken on just such reactionary aspects. But with the uncovering of the simple essentials, the altar, the steps, the sanctuary light, the candles, and the crucifix, that had been buried under layers of pseudo-baroque and romantic monstrosities, all unfavorable criticism is reduced to whispers, whispers that soon dissipate themselves.

So proud of the pure lines, the exquisite delineation of the "sacred things" of the sanctuary, liturgy-conscious

Catholics who protested violently on the removal of the tenth statue from the nave, find themselves looking with raised eyebrow at the "quite, quite unliturgical" appearance of the cathedral. Heresy of heresies!

But lest the reader conclude from all this that the liturgical movement now becoming so popular is naught but plain chant, a return to lengthy Latin prayers, high-minded discussions on the merits of Gothic vestments, the length of altar candles, and incense, all misunderstanding of the term *liturgy* must be duly removed.

In this era of wordiness this noun and its corresponding adjective and adverb are bandied about glibly, gracing everything from an altar stone to the width of lace on an alb. Yet perusal of its Greek roots uncovers its literal meaning. The first part of the word means *people* and from the same root we have *laity.* Since the second root is verbal meaning *work,* the liturgy then is "work done by people," a connotation with definite social relationship. In fact in the profane speech of Grecian civilization, any work done by people, for people, or benefaction to the community as a whole was looked upon as "a liturgy." In good usage today it should mean public, corporate worship, the worship in unity of a community.

During the Middle Ages the word was never used, and for generations it has been handicapped with the reputation of being "outlandish", connoting almost exclusively archaeological remnants of a distant past.

Even today it is used incorrectly to mean the externals of the Christian service, and a liturgist is shied away from as a "stickler" for extreme ecclesiastical exactitude. But Gerald Ellard, S.J., has said, and it jolts us back to the immense pregnancy of the word, that "Christ is *the* Liturgist." And

it is "through Him, with Him, and in Him that we render our liturgy to God."

So let us not see in the liturgical renaissance a return to fusty prayers and complicated rites, dusty with the ages. But rather, pondering the nature of the Church of God as a living organism with its soul the Spirit of God, see that it is the reenactment of the life of Christ, the mysteries of Redemption. Pope Pius XI expressed the liturgy as "the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit". Directly from this follows that it is the source of those very elements of which the modern world stands most in need: a true appreciation of the dignity of redeemed mankind, and the spirit of brotherhood in Christ.

Wrathful Mrs. O'Riley has some young German Catholics who "wanted to know what it was all about" to blame for the stripping of her elaborate altar. Yes, the liturgical movement had its struggles. It has not mushroomed up over night to charm us with its simplicity and its intrinsic good. In 1913 the present Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order received four or five young men in one of the parlors of the eight hundred year old monastery. One was Herman Platz of Bonn University, a beloved leader of German Catholic youth; another was Paul Simon, now honorary dean of the theological faculty at Tuebingen University.

Their plea was simple. They wanted nothing but their legitimate share in the liturgical life of the Church. Feeling a gap too broad to bridge between their personal piety and the official worship of the altar, they, with the help of a learned monk, Dom Ildefons Herwegen, began a glorious revival. Immediately seized upon by the intelligentsia, it soon spread to the young clergy, invaded the parishes and organizations, and is now consoling millions suffering for their faith.

What had the official worship of the Church to do with personal happiness, personal sanctification? Were these prayers and rites mere dead formulae, relics of the "dark and dismal" Middle Ages? Were they, as H. A. Reinhold so aptly puts it, fragments of the entombed past "jealously preserved by clerics who did not know themselves why they stuck to such petrified and circumstantial rights in our fast-living and subjectivist times?" Or was there something to be gleaned from this odd assortment of gospels, lessons, anthems? Could they enrich personal prayer? Could the ordinary community of men, women, children, laborers, sift some good from them? "Could all this become daily bread for a good Catholic stomach, or was it to be caviar for some esoterics?" Why, says Reinhold, must there always be a straight express to heaven for the clergy, and another for the dumb lay people, a slow train freighted with "popular devotions" which have nothing in common with the things behind the altar rail but some good intentions? Or is not the Church's prayer and sacrifice the prayer and sacrifice of all the faithful?

The answer to these questions was the quest from that time forward. But although these men popularized the movement it was Dom Guéranger who prepared the way for the revival of interest which is taking place today. He, with a few followers and a desire to restore Benedictinism to France, took up residence at the ancient Abbey of St. Pierre at Solesmes. Located near Sable-sur-Sarthe, Sarthe, France, this old abbey celebrated its one hundredth anniversary in the summer of 1937.

When celebrating Mass at the Abbey of Notre Dame de Pré, Dom Guéranger was given a Roman missal to use. Noticing the beauty, majesty, and concise eloquence of its

prayers, he realized that he had discovered the official prayer of the Church. From then on he used only the Roman rite. This was unprecedented, for in France at that time each diocese had its own liturgy, recent and unauthorized. Sometimes there were as many as six or seven different missals and breviaries in one diocese, among which the priest was free to choose.

Not only did Dom Guéranger restore the Roman rite, but in the German monasteries he developed in the liturgical observance and the public prayer of the Church a beauty and perfection of rendition never before equalled in the entire history of the Benedictine Order.

The World War interrupted the new movement, but immediately after it was over the coöperation of the best German and foreign historians was enlisted, and annuals were filled with valuable articles on the subject. Leaders of Catholic Youth Organizations were addressed, priests in retreats were excited to enthusiasm, all the Catholic thinkers of Germany were aroused.

Not without great opposition, however, were any concrete results accomplished. Wild rumors went about that these monks were doing unheard of and strange things, inventing a new liturgy, degrading our old (and as Schwinn said "comfortable") traditions. Protest became so loud that the Archbishop of Cologne visited the monastery with an eye open for heresy. He left to build a church with a portable altar, with the priest facing the congregation, and conducted a *missa recitata* with the whole congregation assisting.

In our own country there was no other single individual to whom more credit is due for the inception and promotion of the renascence than Father Virgil Michel, O.S.B., who died two years ago. We are all familiar with

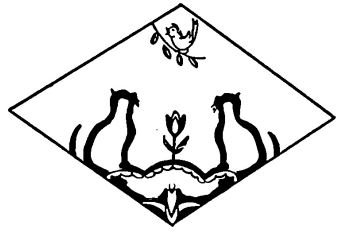
the excellent and official organ of the movement, *Orate Fratres,* which he started. He had those to contend with who, imbued with the realization of the starvation and radicalism stalking our streets, discounted this as a purely "sissy" movement, teaching the "frills" of Christianity when what was needed was dynamic Catholic action. But they saw only the externals, as is too often sadly the case. Lacking the insight of Charles F. Donovan who has said, "the spiritual bankruptcy of this country antedates and surpasses in gravity our protracted financial depression," they jealously would not allow the liturgy to "come into its own" because they could not see its practicality.

Slowly overcoming prejudice of both priest and layman timid at any innovation as human beings are, this movement for the restoration of the liturgy of the Church and for the furtherance of the arts which house and demonstrate the liturgy will come into its own. The clear-cut, straight, breathtakingly simple lines of the architecture of the modern German churches has restored to its dominance the altar, and what goes on about the altar. And as Maurice Lavanoux says, nowhere outside of the catacombs has he felt the reality of "our Holy Liturgy" except in these churches. "The emptiness and sobriety emphasize God's wealth and majesty in an overwhelming and impressive way."

As an example of practical results of the rebirth, witness baptism, which had appeared to be a legal performance with much mumbling, salt, and other strange practices, and which regained in its performance its old majestic beauty. People no longer like fifteen minute Masses, and rushing through ceremonies. Since the liturgical rites and ceremonies did not spring from an early and undisciplined urge to worship such as is common in all primitive peoples, but evolved

through well-defined motives for worshipping in a particular way the personal God Whom divine revelation had made known to people, it is a direct expression of the Christian mind. And since it sprang from the common Christian mentality of simple people, the deepest truths are expounded in human terms easily understood.

The essence of the liturgy, then, is simplicity. That is why the trend in architecture is to banish trash, knick knacks, and all non-essentials. We need this spiritual renaissance which cannot come from anything merely external, nor from dogma, ethics, or canon law. These can never be actual sources of the supernatural life. The liturgy is actually the source of that life. It restores and perfects. People living the liturgy live the supernatural life. Impregnated with that spirit of charity and brotherhood in Christ, they will restore the social order.



Open Letter to Ernest Dowson

Poet of Pale Stars

IRENE MAHONEY

Tuesday Night

DEAR PIERROT,

I hesitate to intrude upon your silence which you consider more delicately proper than any sound. Ordinary words become ugly, blatant profanities in your

". . . . land of silence,
Where pale stars shine
On apple blossoms
And dew-drenched vine."

That I think is almost the most amazing thing about you—your stars were always "pale stars"—they were never twinkling and scarcely ever bright, but like you they were wistfully luminous. Your poetry is restless with shadows. Your pictures are dove-toned. Pastels are your medium and your hand is caressing. The spell you wind of other worlds is never broken. Even the flowers that you knew are not the flowers other people know. There are no hot-house orchids or violets flourishing on mossy banks "half hidden from the eye". They are flowers all yours—no other poet has known them,

"Lunar roses pale and blue
Lilies of the world beneath."

The calculated atmosphere of places like the "Cheshire Cheese" must have seemed a little ludicrous to you after you had enjoyed the spontaneity of Le Quartier Latin. There could never be anything in London to correspond to the wild riot of life in your "cher pays"—France was always your country. Your nuns—

"Calm, sad, secure; behind high convent walls,"
were part of that country. There is none of

"The voice of London, inarticulate,
Hoarse and blaspheming. . . ."

There are no city hawkers, no feeling of intrusion.

Your religious ideals have been doubted so often and yet they are so artlessly sincere. You were passionate in your love for religion. You could not stop at toying with its externals. The glory of gold candlesticks and purple vestments—the elements of the romantic were not enough for you as they were for the poets, your brethren. Your prayer was sincere. The very nature of it—its frailty and confession of weakness prescinds from all hypocrisy. You realized so well the darkness of all things

"Save where the altar stands
Dressed like a bride, illustrious with light."

But always you were wandering from light. Always you were a poet moving in twilight. Your cry was ever—"no roses are pale enough for me." And yet you flung yourself with a mad, satyr-like spirit into the riot of living—especially into the Flemish Bacchanalia of life. Was this orgy your Ivory Tower? Always living in mystic shadows, did you hope to find oblivion in glaring lights and fevered crowds? It was a foolish way of trying to escape. You knew so well it could not work—

"I have forgot much, Cynara; gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion."

But with all your will and with the passionate anguish of failure you resolved that you would make it work—yet you could not keep the shadows back.

"I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine."

But even in these heights of passion you never lost that pastel delicacy which colors your poetry with such a firm restraint. That is the chief distinction between you and Poe whom you admired so much. Poe would have soared in blackest night to reach bright stars, while your night was always a twilight night with misty stars. Your thoughts of death were never tinged with the macabre. Death was always sleep to you—tired boy who could find no other surcease.—

"Neobule, being tired,
Far too tired to laugh or weep,
From the hours, rosy and gray,
Hid her golden face away.
Neobule, fain of sleep
Slept at last as she desired."

You could never have conceived of death as a black-cloaked specter with ghoulish eyes and bloodless cheeks. It would be to you an enchanted thing—a filigreed leaf with delicately patterned veins. Too fragile to be touched, an evanescent thing—so close to dust but fashioned perfectly. Were you tempted to grasp at it with violating hands?

Can you pardon me if I ask about her, your one lasting love that forced your birth as a poet? You passed through no stages of maturity—you were born full grown. You had so little time, it was good your talents had no need to wait for their fruition. You have painted her as always virginal and yet you could not forget that she had married.

I cannot be sorry that you lost her; I think that, gaining her, you might have lost your love. No one could have lived in the shrine you built without desecrating it and a desecrated shrine would have meant no "De Amore", no "Impenitentia Ultima".—

"Grant me one hour of all mine hours and let me see for a token
Her pure and pitiful eyes shine out, and bathe her feet with tears.

And her eyes should be my light whilst the sun went out behind me,
And the viols in her voice be the last sound in mine ear.

I will praise thee, Lord in Hell, while my limbs are racked asunder,
For the last sad sight of her face and the little grace of an hour."

You speak so often of your "silent valley"—

"where all the voices
of Mankind
Are left behind."

You seem to cower at all sounds, you are even heedless of music and yet your poetry is above all song. And your "Pierrot of the Minute" is all music—enchanted, fairy music. You surely must have loved those sounds, or were you, somehow, afraid of them?

I thought at first that I would condemn you for so many things—that I would frown at wasted talents. But how can a moralist preach at butterfly Pierrot's and ghostly moon-maidens? There is so little to condemn in a wistful boy whose life was so insufficient for all his dreams.

Irene.

Scribbling Woman

Margaret Fuller, Pioneer

GERTRUDE LYONS

IT WAS Hawthorne who bestowed the ungracious epithet of "that damn scribbling woman" on Margaret Fuller. Whether she deserved it or whether it was mere masculine envy is open to argument. It is true, however, that Margaret Fuller, although she is now almost forgotten, was a courageous pioneer where nineteenth century ladies feared to tread. And she *did* scribble.

Sarah Margaret was born May 23, 1810 in that part of Cambridge, Massachusetts known as Cambridgeport. She was one of ten children—five girls and five boys, all these last being lawyers—a monotony of occupation as common in those days as it is now.

From childhood Margaret's education was in the hands of her father. She began to study Latin at the age of six, and was carried on from that period by an intellectual forcing process, a custom of the time. All her lessons had to be recited after her father finished his parish duties and therefore at irregular hours, often extending late into the night. High pressure is bad enough for an imaginatve and excitable child but high pressure by candlelight is ruinous. "The harsh regimen ruined her health and made her a prey to nightmares, but it also made her a scholar."

Many peculiarities of Margaret were both noted and admired by her young friends, over and above the peculiar carriage of her head and her half-shut eyelids. It was currently reported that she could rock a cradle, read a book,

eat an apple and knit a stocking all at the same time, but here the indefatigable imitation of her young admirers labored in vain.

At sixteen she is described at a ball given by her father to President Adams as:

> "A young girl with a very plain face, half-shut eyes, and hair curled all over her head. She was laced so tightly by reason of stoutness that she had to hold her arms back as if they were pinioned. She was dressed in a badly cut, low necked pink silk, with white muslin over it; and she danced quadrilles very awkwardly, being withal so near-sighted that she could hardly see her partner."

Fortunately for Margaret there lived in Cambridge at the time a group of highly cultivated ladies, most of whom belonged to the college circle and they won her ardent loyalty. One of these, Mrs. Eliza Farrar, readily saw the remarkable intellect of Margaret Fuller and also perceived the defects of her training. She undertook to mould her externally, to make her less abrupt, less self-asserting, more "comme il faut" in ideas, manners and even costume. She had her constantly at her own house, reformed her hairdresser, and instructed her dressmaker, took her to make calls and took her on journeys with her. Mrs. Farrar saw her task and did it well.

Margaret's father died suddenly in 1835, and she vowed that she would educate her brothers and sisters regardless of what it cost her ambition. She taught at Bronson Alcott's school in Boston and gave private lessons in languages. From 1837-1839, she was principal of a school in Providence.

In 1839 she moved to Boston and now became better acquainted with Emerson. In August Emerson wrote to his brother, William:

"An accomplished lady is staying with Lidian now, Miss Margaret Fuller. She is quite an extraordinary person for her apprehensiveness, her acquisitions, and her power of conversation. Under the influence of her intellect you stretch your limbs and dilate to your utmost size."

Later Emerson was to long to stretch his limbs for another purpose—to escape from the "repulsions" she occasionally inspired in him—this devotee of the Concord sage, this lecturer of the manner of Socrates, this lady whose favorite studies were demonology and mythology.

There was something ridiculous about Margaret's egotism and insistent friendship with "Waldo." She wished, she wrote to him, to make him "the full fledged angel" by less emphasis on thought. Emerson remarked in his "Journal":

"She ever seems to crave somewhat I have not, or have not for her."

Of her "Conversations" Van Wyck Brooks writes:

> "She had never questioned her own vocation, and she was just on the verge of thirty when, towards the end of 1839, she opened her 'Conversations' in the West Street House. It was on a Saturday at noon, her regular weekly hour. She appeared, with a regal air, with various books of references on her arms and a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums. The lorgnette was much in evidence."

These "Conversations" were, of a sort, forerunners of women's clubs. Here earnest ladies were instructed upon social and philosophical subjects. Margaret had felt a desire to do her part in the world, but felt that she was not mature enough in intellect to write, and so it was really in an effort to avoid obscurity and to clarify her own thoughts that she began by talking instead of writing.

The "Conversations" continued for five winters, closing in April, 1844. Although taking a wide range, they were usually concentrated with a great deal of effect on certain specified subjects; the most prominent of these being that of Mythology or the reappearance of religious ideas under varying forms. There was always a theme and a thread.

It was from these discussions that the material and inspiration were derived for her book, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century." It touched the main issues of the future women's movement and quietly prepared the way in many isolated minds. Its view of women's rights was too comprehensive and its tone too philosophical to gratify the militants of those early days.

In 1840, together with George Ripley and Emerson, Margaret Fuller edited the "Dial." The primary aim announced on the very first page was "to make new demands on literature." It succeeded in making new demands on Margaret for she turned out to be the principal contributor.

The storm of criticism and parodies which opened upon the "Dial" at its very outset was something formidable. Epithets, too, were showered about freely. The Philadelphia Gazette, for instance, called the editors of the Transcendentalist journal "zanies," "Bedlamites," and "considerably madder than the Mormons." In her first two years of editorship Margaret brought into prominence a series of writers each of whom had his one statement to make, and, having made it, discreetly retired.

Although Miss Fuller's salary as editor of the "Dial" was nominally two hundred dollars, she had practically nothing In November, 1841, she wrote to her brother, Richard:

"I have begun with a smaller class this year than usual, and the 'Dial' is likely to fall through entirely."

The following March she was compelled to lay down her task.

At the beginning of December, 1844, the position of literary critic of the "Tribune" was offered to her by Horace Greeley, and Margaret began her "business life" in New York. While on the "Tribune" she also wrote articles on social questions based on first hand investigations of prisons and slums. She lived with the Greeley family, doing most of her writing and proof-reading at home and evidently working very hard in her own way which was not always Mr. Greeley's method.

In New York Margaret fell in love with a Jewish business man, James Nathan—an affair which remained on the sentimentally idealistic plane and finally died of inanition.

Meanwhile she was always saving her money for a long desired trip to Europe. At last, receiving an invitation from her friends, Marcus and Rebecca Spring, to accompany them and their young son on their voyage, she left New York after twenty months of residence and sailed for England on the first of August, 1846.

Her travels and reflections are found in her letters to the "Tribune" and were later printed in the volume of her works called "At Home and Abroad."

Of her meeting with Giovanni Angelo, Marquis Ossoli, ten years her junior, she wrote to her sister:

"Our meeting was singular, fateful, I might say. Very soon he offered me his hand through life but I never dreamed I should take it."

She did, however, and Angelino was born in the year following their marriage. They were separated from the

child for long periods. He was left in Rieti, the Abruzzis and Florence while she and Ossoli worked for Italian liberation in Rome. When the French besieged the city and captured it in 1849, they fled to Rieti. Ossoli took part in the fighting while Margaret attended the wounded. From Rieti, they went to Florence, and sailed for America in 1850.

They had not travelled far when the captain came down with small pox. The child contracted it and barely recovered.

"As the voyage neared the ending, a violent southeast wind became in the evening a gale, by midnight a hurricane, and the vessel was driven on the shore at Fire Island in the early morning at four o'clock. The boy was drowned in the arms of the steward while the latter was trying to reach the land and was carried lifeless on the beach. Neither father nor mother was heard of more."

Margaret Fuller's life may be divided into three periods: her life until 1844; her experience in New York; and her activity in Rome. The first, the transcendental epoch, could not have been repeated. Self-culture here was the keynote of endeavor. The third could not have been reproduced. It was as exceptional in its way as the first. The second—that of her literary production—would have been still open to her to be enlarged and simplified. What she might have become if she had lived, it is useless to conjecture, but it is a fact that she possessed brilliant gifts of many kinds.

The strange contradictions in her life always puzzled her contemporaries. Always an invalid, yet she did the work of three women and sometimes "worked better when she was ill."

Her friendship with intellectual leaders began at an early age. She discussed philosophy while riding horseback

with James Freeman Clarke. She read with Frederic Henry Hedge, the German author whom Carlyle had made the fashion, and confided in him.

She was learned, in some respects masculine, aggressive, somewhat of a mystic, and personally unattractive. These characteristics were evident, "yet her real nature was as difficult to grasp as the surface of a sphere."

In its earlier phases, there was a curious parallelism between Margaret's career and that of George Eliot, before the Englishwoman became a novelist. Because her life always bordered on tragedy many feel it was just as well that she met her sharp and sudden death as she did. The future of the little family was dark and uncertain and Margaret always had as many enemies as ardent partisans. One may hear that she was a pedant, a bluestocking, hysterical, affected, loquacious and pretentious. One may also hear that she was a noble, magnetic woman, generous, socially minded, erudite and highly gifted in personality as well as mind.

Margaret Fuller was essentially a critic, not a reformer. She was a pioneer of feminism and possessed unusual acumen and philosophical breadth. If her life story is sad and thwarted, and it is, it is largely because she was born out of time and place. A century later or across the Atlantic Ocean, the world would have known better how to make use of the bounty she had to give it.

Sonnet

Now let the winter sweep across the sky,
Blow crystallized perfection on the pane;
And weight the trees with moon-stone, drifting high
Across the paths I shall not walk again.
For here is silence; and on either hand
Is numbing beauty, self-complete, austere;
And peace beyond all peace I understand,
On which my heart must live another year.

Yet well I know the root within the ground
Is only frozen; that in time I must
See melted beauty mirrors in the street.
Birds will come back, and flowers; though I've found
Not all things are reborn that fall to dust:
That spring is triumph mocking my defeat.

JOAN CARSON

The Last Great Plague to Go

Idiom's Delight

GRACE LUND

THE present age is one of increasing Communism and clichés. Mass production and movies have taken their toll in an avalanche of stereotyping from which has evolved a single system of repartee—expressions coming as monotonously from the mouths of all as come Fords from the production line.

The Renaissance is definitely done when people universally comply in their use of safety-pins and sayings, bonbons and bon mots. Is individualism dead?

Whither we are drifting is easily perceived when one recalls what happens to an original fashion Creation in the hands of the masses. The distinctive touches are minimized, the original details toned down, and the new and different becomes an old reliable—beloved because it is created by those by whom it is beloved.

So will the arrangement and intonation of words become diluted and pumiced down until the brave and poetical means of expression become as limited as the most common words of the language used in putting them across. One language—one set of stock phrases—one intonation. Comes decadence.

Artificially organized society is to blame for most of the tragedy. Where lurks insincerity, creep in the meaningless phrase, the word unhallowed by thought, the idiom used but for charm.

"My dear," gushes one product of a highly organized

society to another ditto—seizing upon the foul color and formless hang of a dress bought for naught but bargainness —"My dear," she repeats, having forgotten the lovable creature's name, "what a stunning dress." Emphasis on the stunning. As this is said, one can almost feel the very breezes waft to him reverberations of the same phrase being used nationally—internationally—universally.

Having been caught without means of defense due to the same ill fit, the party of the second part smiles according to the directions on page six of the manual—a mere baring of the teeth, hardly distinguishable from the expression of an olive-hater on perceiving olives—and replies, "Why, Adelaide, this old rag."

"Rag," screams Adelaide in fiendish delight, "it's lovely. That dropped hem and open placket are going to be the rage this season."

"Really," juices her companion in glucose glee, "it's just a little thing I picked up."

By this time their respective dogs, being more candid and individual, have evinced a sharp, mutual dislike or else the ladies themselves are propelled asunder with such fitting words as "Really must go; do stop over some day." "Why don't you and Harry drop around?" Both of these invitations are blithely blank and as empty as a man without teeth eating hardtack.

Profanity, too, has suffered an unhappy delinquency and depreciation of color. This sad tradition goes back further than that of the *sententiae stereotypae.* How many gallant epithets of emotion have been coined since Shakespeare lapsed into silence? The English-speaking quarters of the globe get sore each and every one in the same terms. Alack for poetic diction. If it exists it is ignored as com-

pletely as are the raised glass dots on road signs by blind motorists.

Men, being less facile of intellect and more creatures of habit than their sisters, are bound to clichés like chewing gum to a toupee.

"Um," says one of them brilliantly on entering the Safari Special at 8:10 and sitting down beside a friend. "Um," his friend replies without looking up.

"What do you make of it?" one of them mutters gravely. "I knew it was coming," says the other. "You can't go along indefinitely without something breaking." "We all have our ups and downs," (it is immaterial who says this). "Take the sweet with the sour and don't kick." "In times like this it always pays." "Never can tell—any minute now."

The impact of the dehydrated reply on the tender technique of the heart has been terrific. By the inductive-deductive method a sound line has been perfected, applicable to all occasions and types. With a nice differentiation, girls memorize A, the defensive or yes-yes script, whilst their admirers come into the world with their dominant-male role imprinted indelibly on their minds like a footprint in cement.

"Do you really?" and "How marvelous!" can be infinitely repeated during the course of an evening and are beautifully adaptable to all occasions, covering ambiguities multitudinous with the tender efficacy of cream sauce.

If a girl is equipped with remarkable talents, a deep insight into masculine psychology, and no acquisitive instinct, she might dare to vary the formula a bit around the edges. This is not recommended to the laywoman, however, as it must be administered by a firm hand, results not being guaranteed.

What contributes the mascara-less male whilst this

charming repetition ensues? Ah, fear not, for he too is expounding wit in the limits of his own little bywords. He is permitted more freedom and must abide by the rules only so far as to begin and end every sentence that falls from his judicious lips with the word "I." If he is a non-conformist and chafes within the bounds of such a narrow code, he may broaden his dissertations by frequent insertions of "me" and "mine."

Convenient and democratic as such standardized diction may appear, we feel called upon to cite a tear-jerking instance of the gruesome tragedy it can provoke.

He loved her in December as he did in May and, being a good, red-blooded American boy, patriotically deviated not from the line set down by his forefathers. His "I's" and "me's" were a sweet and melodious monotony in her ears as she sighed "Do you really?" and—from the depths of her soul—"How marvelous." Those who might have foreseen the obstacle forever held their peace and so they were wed. Then, alas, came Catastrophe. On their first day in their own little home—who could sense the impending disaster?—honeysuckle grew silently up the walls, coffee bubbled on the little stove, the clock spun merrily through eternity and then—then It Happened. "Where are my blue socks, dear?" he called to her in dulcet tones, neglecting for the first time to adhere to the iron-bound formula. Then she—if you have tears prepare to shed them now—she, poor wretch, replied not. It was only then that he learned that she spoke no English. She had read her two stock phrases in the subway and they alone comprised her vocabulary.

This slavish abidance by a cut and dried idiom threatens the vitality of our language with the strangle-hold of neo-classicism. Who knows how long it will be before our lan-

guage is as dead as Sanskrit? Who knows when our erstwhile picturesque speech will be reduced to representatively suggestive symbols? πr^2, for instance, might suggest, "One has to put up with this sort of thing." QXR, on the other hand, would probably signify "This is a lousy party, let's go." Who knows what will become of our already decadent race when such grammatical shorthand comes into being?

Who knows?

Peace

The Church was dim—and misty shadows fell
In great dark shapes, entrancing to behold—
The Tabernacle light, reflected, shone
Resplendently on gold—

My Christ was there that night, and so was I—
He looked at me; I felt my love increase—
My soul reached out to His; I heard him say
But one word—It was "Peace".

My troubled spirit calmed, I faced the night.
I sang with joy at what my heart had heard—
"Peace, Peace"—it seared into my very soul—
Eternal was that word!

CATHERINE RICKERT

All in a Day

. . . . but a life-time to Miriam

DOROTHY ZWIER

FRANKLIN AVENUE was an empty street, hot, silent, dead in the noonday sun. Dry, open pores of the earth gaped in crazily jagged lines toward the beating rays of the sun. Little dusty ants crawled laboriously over mountainous blades of withering grass. The twin maples at the curve in the block drooped under their filter of choking dust. No one was walking on the sidewalks.

Two little girls sat silently on the gnarled, protruding roots of one of the giant maples. Their moccasined feet hugged the edge of the curbing. Tiny beads of sweat glistened on the wide, freckled brow of the smaller of the two. Her companion-in-meditation was noisily sucking a fast-dripping piece of ice. In solitary enjoyment and possession she sat enthroned, her pink tongue deftly and miraculously surrounding the whole piece at once. The palms of her hands glowed pink with the wetness. Her black eyes carefully avoided the gaze of the girl beside her; you didn't *have* to offer what you had. And anyway, the piece was almost gone. Besides, she'd been there before Dotty came along. And on top of that Dotty was late. Then she dropped the treasured manna.

"Can't eat it now," the freckled child informed the loser.

"I guess I can if I feel like it."

"No, you can't; it's dirty from the street."

"I guess I can brush that off if I feel like it." And she bent down to retrieve the ice.

"You'll get sick and die."

"Not if I brush it off like this."

"If your mother could see you now! I'm going to tell her what you did."

"If you do I'll tell yours about the rip you made in your blue party dress when you had it out yesterday when you shouldn't have." She thrust the last bit of ice into her pouting mouth, and stared stolidly across the street, not bothering to verify the effectiveness of her threat.

Dotty punched the starched, blue gingham skirt of her play dress between the spread of her legs. "Guess Miriam can't come out," she commented.

"Let's go call for her. Got nothin' to do anyhow."

"Okay, but I bet she can't come."

The two girls cut diagonally across the street and marched down the runs of the concrete driveway to the rear door of Miriam's house. The bell shrilled through the house. The children stood waiting in the heat, watching the petunias which were almost touching the ground by the side of the garage. Miriam's little sister opened the door. "Oh,—it's only the kids, Ma," she called into the cool, dark hall behind her.

"Where's Miriam?" said Dotty.

"Yeah, where is she?" echoed the other. "She said she was comin' out this aft'."

"Well, she can't come," the little girl said primly; "she's gotta stay in for not goin' to the store this mornin' and for not bringin' the money back."

"Oh," said the two waiting outside.

"And you can't come in because my mother's not goin' to be home this afternoon," offered the sister.

"Okay. Tell Miriam we were here." And the two girls

marched back down the separate tracks of the driveway, marched back across the street to their own side and sat down on the roots of the maple near the curb.

"I told you she wasn't going to come out. I could feel it," said Dotty.

"Yeah, but I don't see why her mother always has to be that way. And that little sister Eleanor thinks she's the whole cheese over there. If I were Miriam I'd slap her one sometimes."

"You've never had any brothers and sisters so you don't know what it is," retorted Dotty. "Listen, Ida, we're gonna hafta play at your house the next time Miriam comes out. My mother can't stand the way she yells. She chases her from the front and then she comes back through the back. My mother says she plays too wild. So we can't play at my house."

"I heard my mother say she was sorry for her once. But I can't figure out why. Gee, they have a bigger house than we have. They got a big car, too. And they go away sometimes, too," mused the little dark girl, Ida.

"My pop says that's not everything."

"Let's find out why they pick on her all the time—her mother and grandmother, I mean."

"Yeah, then maybe we can fix it. With the money we've been saving. Oh, I forgot, we don't have it now."

"That was all your fault," said Ida. "If you hadn't told your big brother what we were gonna do, and given him the money to keep we would still have it."

"He's gonna pay us back. As soon as he gets that new paper customer he'll give it back. He needed it just then, that's all. If you had brothers you'd know how it is," Dotty answered.

"Yeah, well how are we ever gonna get away and do something big if we don't have any money? All of us saved for that."

"You didn't have to do much," said Dotty, "you get an allowance. Gee, I had to give up goin' to the movies and drinkin' that milk in school the whole last week. And Miriam said she did, too. But now when we get the money back I'm gonna take mine and spend it. I'm not savin' any more. So there."

"Okay, you and I said that anyway, didn't we?"

"Yeah. Let's go down to your house and find your dog, Ida."

"Okay."

The girls strolled off down to the end of the street. There were no trees here; they kicked the bright dust along the edge of the walk. They were bathed harsh and unrelieved in the white glare of the sunlight. They turned in toward the stark brightness of a small, white clapboard house. Ida lived in here. Up the street Miriam's mother backed out her roadster, clashed the gears in her hurry to be gone.

"Back again, children?" came the warm voice of Ida's mother. "Come inside, it's too hot out there. Why, didn't you call for Miriam? She couldn't come? That's too bad, but it's better to stay inside today. You'll get sunstroke in this heat."

The girls went through the hall, the kitchen, into the back "junk" room. It was very cool, dark. They sat down at the old round table and Ida began to show Dotty her new picture book.

"I've got the water colors to paint in," she said. "Want to paint?"

Ida's mother came in with two tall glasses of milk and

a plate of cookies, finding the girls quiet and busy. The dog lay panting and unnoticed in the corner.

"Gee, these ice-box cookies your Mother makes are good," mumbled Dotty with her mouth full.

"I like the butterscotch your Mother makes," said Ida.

An uneven flap-flap of running feet sounded from the side of the house. Miriam stumbled up the three steps into the room. Her dark hair was wild and unbrushed. The crease at the base of her neck was ringed with sweat.

"Hi, kids," she breathed. "Paintin'?"

"Hi," said the two, looking up from their art.

"I've got it," Miriam said looking at them. "I've got all of it. All that you told me I needed just to belong, remember? Here it is." And she opened a clenched right fist and spilt three quarters and a dime on the table.

Dotty looked at Ida and Ida looked at Dotty, then the two began to dabble their paint brushes in the water dish. "Well—er—well, we don't need it now," Ida answered.

"What do you mean?" Miriam pulled at her shoulder.

"We're not havin' the fund to help any more. We're just gonna spend our own money. We're not goin' to go away," Dotty backed her up.

Miriam looked blankly from one face to the other. She swept up the three quarters and the dime. "I want my other money."

Ida said, "You can have that next week."

"I want it now. I want it. You give it to me. Come on, it's my money. You give it to me now," Miriam demanded.

"You can have it next week." Dotty carefully traced blue paint down the trouser legs of the farmer in the picture.

"You've spent the money, that's what you've done. You've taken it!" charged Miriam.

"And where did you get that, huh?" asked Ida, pointing to her fist.

Miriam slapped her on the face, grabbed the paint box, and fled from the room.

"Ma! Ma! she's taken my paint box. She's gone! Ma!" shouted Ida.

"Who, dear, who?"

"Miriam," and Ida began to cry.

"Why, she'll bring it back. And if she forgets, I'll just ask her mother for it. Don't worry, dear, she'll come back," said Ida's mother.

"No, she won't," Dotty spoke up. "She's stolen money, too. Her own sister said it just a little while ago. And she's goin' to run away. She said she was. She wants to run away."

Ida's mother said, "Well, now I don't know. I never thought that of the child. Maybe that's why her mother—"

"She lies, too," sobbed Ida. "She never used to buy milk in school like she should; but she told her mother she did."

"Well," was all Ida's mother said.

The two little girls sat staring at the dog in the corner. They didn't go on with their play as they had been told to do. It was too hot to talk.

But down Franklin Avenue and into Sandford Lane sped Miriam. She threw the paint box and the quarters into a gaping sewer. Her breath came in quick, hard sobs. Her face steamed fire red with heat. She ran and ran down the lane in her anger and pain. Her legs were trembling as the weight of her body jarred upon the pavement with each step. She stumbled and fell, scraping her shins and right arm. The hurt places were bloody scratches, the ripped skin grey, shreds along their sides.

As she sat up, she rubbed her smarting eyes. She

couldn't go now. She'd have to go back home. She didn't have her picture. That was all she would want to take with her anyhow. Just Her picture. She was so pretty.

Miriam started back, this time walking slowly. The tears rolled down her hot cheeks as fast as she tried to push them back up toward her eyes. She didn't have the money now at all to give back to her mother. And she didn't have the paint box either. The only thing she had was the picture and that was in her room. She must have it. It was the only one there was in all the world. The only one her father had to give to her.

Miriam began to walk faster. She thought about the picture and the room. She thought about the room and then her sister. She had locked her in there when she left. She must let her out. The way back was tortuously long. The sun was still high, a glowing heat.

She walked up the steps and entered the house. She heard her sister's voice plaintively explaining the horrors of her locked prison. It was her grandmother in the living room with her. Miriam slid past the door and down the hall. She skimmed the stairs to her room which she shared with the younger girl. Her mother was sitting in the room waiting for her. Ida's mother had been to see her.

Miriam had no supper. She was alone all that night. She cried and cried into her pillow, until finally she stopped because she was afraid she would wet the picture beneath it. It was the only one, so she must not do that.

She put her hand under the lump of a pillow and felt the picture. "You wouldn't do these things to me, would you?" she sobbed. "It wouldn't be so bad if you were alive, would it, Mother?"

Two Landscapes for Karl Beck

Neither for Fame nor Money

GRACE ENRIGHT

THIRTY odd years ago, a small girl of nine stood enthralled at the window of an Akron art shop, watching an artist painting. All her games were forgotten; she watched, fascinated, and when finally she tore her eyes from the sight it was only to run home as hard as she could, to ask her mother for a combination Christmas birthday-present, a set of paints. Given fifty cents, she rushed back to the shop where she asked the clerk to tell her when to stop buying for she had fifty cents, and "wanted all the colors".

This little girl possessed a dream which through her energy and endurance in turn possessed her. Now she is one of the most popular and admired American artists of our times. She is Karl Beck, landscape painter and exhibitor, but also Sister Mathilde, a Dominican nun, who still finds it hard to believe that all the fanfare and adulation are for her.

Karl Beck, or Carol Beck, as she was named, first began her studies at Columbia University. While there, she lived at a Dominican convent in Jersey City, and it was there that she discovered a vocation other than art. She entered the Dominican order, but as few seldom do, she combined two vocations, each a full-time task in itself, and continued her studying. After fulfilling a scholarship at the National Academy in New York, she was sent back to her home, and installed as head of the Art Department at Our Lady of the Elms College in Ohio.

However, this was not to be the end of her career, for in 1937 she was sent to Italy to study. Religious subjects naturally appealed to her, so in Italy she turned to fresco, and worked in the tradition of Michelangelo, and the Sistine frescoes, Sculpture, too, interested her, and between these two mediums she divided her time, until she went to Paris, where she began to paint again. Painting here was an ordeal, for in her own words, she produced "nothing but mud with a brush", after the sojourn into sculpture.

An examination for a diploma at the École Nationale des Beaux Arts in Paris prompted her to change her method, and was responsible for her turning to the use of a palette knife to achieve the effects which characterize her work. The examination prize was hers, and the landscapes, simple, modern canvases of French country scenes, set the pace for the rest of her work.

Until the first threats of war, she painted furiously, and when the time came to go home, she brought with her a prodigious amount of exhibitional work. An immediate success in New York, her paintings sold like the proverbial hot-cakes. The sale is so high that at the present time she is forced to turn out two landscapes each day to keep ahead of her buyers.

It is comparatively easy to realize why Karl Beck's pictures are in such demand, for although they are modern in the true sense of the word, they admit of no "isms" of phases which pass and fade with the changing public taste. For here, we see solid construction, exceptional composition and simplicity of light and shade patterns. They are masculine and vigorous. Each stroke is broad and confident and glowing with fresh and vivid color. It is the work of an artist who has practice and study to back him up; who has pro-

found knowledge of his medium, and its effects and vagrancies.

One feels like speaking of Sister Mathilde in the masculine, for although there is nothing mannish in her personality, her work is decidedly so. Perhaps the feminine influence is found in the fact that whatever she paints, she paints for a room. Her visualization of that painting's final place is not an exhibition hall but a home; thus all her pictures are congenial. They are the type one can live with and enjoy with prolonged acceptance.

Modern critics compare her work with that of Renoir, the modern French master, but according to Karl Beck she feels no influence from anyone, and one feels safe to say that although her works may be compared to Renoir's, they have an individuality which is derived from the personality of their creator and no one else. However, since her European apprenticeship, Sister Mathilde confesses that her work does not seem her own, that is to say that after finishing a painting she cannot recognize it as coming from the same hands as her earlier paintings. She has learned so much since then, that she feels it would be hard to teach again.

Listening to Karl Beck discussing art in general, and what makes up a good painting, is one of the most interesting experiences one could have. Composition to her is most important; if that is weak, the whole painting, regardless of its color, or values is weak. Color, too, is paramount, and simplicity of form. All her landscapes show the practice of her preaching. They are composed methodically, but appear spontaneous. The color is vibrant and rich; the form and mass suggested rather than expatiated. One of her works, the "Oyster Flats" is an exemplar of these principles as well as having particularly good atmospheric quality.

At first sight, Sister Mathilde seems hardly to conform to her paintings. Comfortable and soft-spoken, with no traces of temperament, she is a sympathetic listener and unassuming adviser, one to whom you can tell things. Still you detect in the sureness of her convictions and the directness with which she talks the same confident vigor which her landscapes display. She is a woman with a purpose, and that, to show the world that Catholic nuns are allowed to compete with and are capable of surpassing the lay professional. To her it seems unjust that the exhibit-goers are so surprised at her work. Why a nun should not do landscapes but only paintings of a purely religious nature is beyond her comprehension.

And so Karl Beck continues to paint, to exhibit, to sell, as do many other artists. But there are few of these artists who, like her, are painting modern works in the medieval spirit, that is, for the love of painting, and the glory of the Church and God. Today, the individual paints for his own glory and fame; he struggles; perhaps he achieves renown, but when he dies his name remains his only monument. If it is connected with a school of painting, he is thus integrated in the scheme of his contemporaries.

Here, we have a woman, a nun, who is painting neither for fame nor money, not for herself, but only for the advancement of the Church of which she is a part. How infinite will be her contribution, how lasting. Though her day may pass, her name and works will live not only in art and through art, but in the eternal Church which she served.

Lest You Should Leave . . . .

If I should tell your soul
The million lovely dreams mine cherishes,
Or madly touch your lips
With my full ecstasy;
If I should breathe my love
Quite unashamed, before a mocking earth
Or pour its living torrent to the sea,
You would be faint, faint heart,
And leave me . . . . laughingly.

And so I pass and go,
Tossing a smug word here,
A flower there;
Laughing that one so warm should yet
appear so cold;
Praying that to the fringèd depths
Of those soft eyes,
My muted strings shall speak
. . . . and tell my love.

JANET GRIFFIN

The Witty Knitters

Or Purlers at Premium

CATHERINE RICKERT

CAMPUS life just wouldn't be that which it is without that diligent and industrious group of students, the knitters. As all general classifications can be subdivided, let us not make an exception in this case. Now, to begin with, there are knitters, and—there—are—knitters. There is the serious addict who clicks the needles with the proverbial vengeance, hell-bent for inches. Such an individual usually boasts of a prodigious output annually—perhaps six cardigans, four sets of mittens, anklets by the dozens and the inevitable sleeveless sweater, the yarn of which she could not match.

Let us now consider the casual knitter. She is to be found almost anywhere. She may be rambling up and down the campus paths, relaxing in the tea room, or even roaming the hushed halls of her dormitory after ten. This student can always be identified by a knitting bag containing approximately three inches of sweater begun in the vicinity of two years ago. Ignoring a small moth hole, she's really going to finish it now she declares. It would be stunning with her new green skirt. (Oh, poor lass! If you only knew how many skirts will go the way of all skirts before your task is finished.) There is no disillusioning such a knitter, however, so the meaner-well might just as profitably save her efforts for more hopeful causes.

In a category by herself is the class-room knitter. Not only is she able to keep an adequate notebook, but she can

also pick up dropped stitches, and, wonder of wonders, carry on her noble work without watching what she is doing. This type of knitter is a constant source of amazement to those around her, some of whom have been unfortunate enough to be trapped by professors' questions while completely absorbed in observing the cable stitch in construction.

There is style in knitting as in all of the liberal arts. Some members of the G. A. K. (Grand Army of Knitters) pursue their tasks with all the ease of the bird in flight. Others belong to the leftist wing of knitting contortionists. To them, the riding of their hobby is a daily workout, to be equalled in intensity only by two gym courses in succession. It is often painful to partake even as an onlooker of such a method. One often finds one's self in a cold sweat, gasping for breath, not unlike the sensation experienced, we suppose, after a "go-to" with Man Mountain Dean.

A mathematics major concomitant with the "knitting bug" is truly a happy combination. The number of stitches to be added and subtracted can then with facility be determined even to the fractionth of a fraction. Square root and the rule of three are particularly useful for this purpose, although even such courses as accounting have been known in the past, to aid, in a practical way, the knitter. The mathematical moron will never go far in this field. The best she can do is to pick dandelions in the outskirts of said field, and trust that her finished product will not be fit only for a giant or a midget child.

We find it necessary now to make the point that knitters knit for a purpose, indeed for many purposes. The purpose of the first water is, beyond the doubt's shadow, personal adornment. There is a sad tale to tell in connection with this, the primary object of the knitter, for many the

sweater of fine cashmere, nay, even angora, has been relegated to the ignominious rank of "yard sweater" simply because the sleeves didn't match or because the front and back took it upon themselves to be different sizes. Oh, unlucky fate!

Some knitted products for the same reasons have found themselves making Fido's bed comfortable. Others have fallen to still lower depths, used basely for mopping or dusting books. Incidentally, here we might mention, in fact we think we shall, the case of the poor soldier who found that the socks sent to him by some well-meaning knitter were two-footed. Of course he used them for stocking cap purposes so the efforts went not entirely awry, but the fact remains that he still needed socks! Pray do not misinterpret this incident as a bit of scurrilous propaganda to discourage war knitting. Heaven forbid!

So you see, the knitters have much about which to think. If it isn't a sweater or socks, it's a purse or hat, and one party we know has even taken to knitting hair ribbons. She says it takes only a week or two to make one—not years like a pair of mittens.

Oh knitters, carry on your commendable task. Yours is the torch to carry; yours are the sweaters to wear. We non-knitters watch from afar off and if we scoff at you occasionally, it is not ill-will. It is just a mechanical defence, and if it will give you solace, know that many a bitter tear has been shed by us who are not of the elect. Be consoled, knitters of the twentieth century, that your products will cover the backs of successive generations, and your golden heritage will be handed down to posterity.

Earth-fettered

Carved by some fiend, gnarled, twisted to the sky,
And chained, bizarre to taut and sombre life,
A knotted tree, unyielding, weeps dun shade.
Though scuttled by each burly wind, and warped,
It stands indurate, splintered here and there,
In tortuous curve. A biased thing, grotesque,
With cobbled limb and hoary countenance,
We shudder not steeled to the sight macabre.

How like a man with certitude unfound,
In all directions forced, yet bound to none,
Lashed first to this, and then to that close-drawn,
But only to be withered there, again,
Is this earth-fettered tree. Yet, poignant, both
Endear with beauty born of sympathy.

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD

No Robbery . . . . A Fair Exchange

VIRGINIA CRONAN

ANOTHER QUARTERLY for you and in the meantime dozens of college magazines have greeted thousands of readers—words, millions of them, poured over the pages to inform, to humor, to distract for a while, perhaps to enchant.

The boys at Boston College do just these things with their *Stylus*. They know the delicate balance between good literary and social meat and a zipping, vivid style; they deftly combine news and features on campus with an awareness of the whole baffling problem of humanity; and their Catholicity is the touchstone for everything they write. It flashes from their pages; it is taken for granted.

Thomas Heath has really hit upon something new in "Grotesques in Gothic". Describing Gothic architecture doesn't sound like interesting reading but Mr. Heath makes the architect seem very close to us and his art, a thing of beauty and wonder. He explains the symbolism of the tiny figures in the crevices of the building, so that we have a feeling of expansiveness and of unity with Greek artists and their symbols.

The title of "Confucius Say . . ." almost dooms a fine article. It is a fantasy, really, about the ruling powers of our world, reduced to the timeless symbols of the paper hangers, the sickleites, and the barbers. Francis Lally remembers the strict business of the *Stylus* is literature and writes an excellent article on Alice Meynell that uncovers the poetess' life and explores somewhat into her great mind.

"Portrait of a Man" is the best article in this very good magazine. It is a beautiful work on Christ as a man, written in the clear, outspoken style of one who knows the truth of what he says and eagerly yearns to say it.

But really, Mr. Joseph G. Dever, did you think your poem "Night Before Sunday" was an exemplary little piece for a book like the *Stylus* or for any Catholic publication? We dislike mean, narrow minds and we will admit your metre is spritely and the poem well-sustained, but it is out-of-tune with the rest of the work and glorifies a character who has been a drawback and a dead weight to the Catholic religion. His words are:

> "Night before Sunday, up the Square,
> Eight o'clock and the whole mob there.
> Mass tomorrow, hell tonight;
> Fiver in the pocket, life's all right."

Notwithstanding, Mr. Dever has a talent and a feeling for good poetry. His work on "Our Lady's Admiral" is particularly good; it is virile and picturesque.

The *Trinity College Record* from Washington, D. C., is, on the whole, a good magazine. Its merits outnumber and make you forget its slight deficiencies. Our main complaints are that Margaret Pallansch and Elizabeth Hanlon have done a nice job in putting out the *Record,* with very little help from anyone else, and that there is no editorial. This latter is the life, the voice of a magazine; it expresses the policy, the aims and the combined personality of the girls behind the desk. Without it, a publication is like a string of disconnected thoughts drifting idly and assembled only by the physical accident of a binding.

Elizabeth Hanlon's verse is consistently good and the best talent we have seen thus far in college work. "On

Hearing a Melody Known in Childhood" has a searching quality that is very real. Her "Valkyries" is stirring and she uses excellent description. It begins:

"The hush of midnight dusk spreads wings of peace
That brood over silent icy seas and brush
Away the scars from lonely mountains which cease
To be the warring ground where gods rush
Into battle."

Again Miss Hanlon is good with her story "Old Tom" with its colloquial dialogue and character study. The department called the "Catholic Social Thought of 1939" would be a good idea for a college publication if the three essays in it did not sound like term papers.

Which brings us to the Georgetown College *Journal*, a delightfully varied and competently done monthly. They have attempted what we always thought would be an interesting experiment—a serial. It is "Shadowhaven" by John B. Wall and comes in three installments. It is a horror story, complete with eerie country house and cypress trees casting shadows, an amateur detective, and a motive for murder in every guest. It is a little complicated but Mr. Wall works it out nicely, keeping the reader's interest sustained.

The author calls "Stokers on the Styx" a "choral chant interpreting Stygian river life". At any rate, it is amusing, clever and absolutely original. Famous lovers, intellectual aristocracy, rakish sailors and other groups who have earned the lower regions describe their lives there. The economic royalists chant:

"Bankers of Hades
Bargain for a ride
Shovel their shekels

From the flamin' tide.
Everyone in Hades
Is a millionaire;
Living on a standard
Of pure hot air."

The *Journal* in its sixty-eighth year lives a full life consisting of features, articles of contemporary interest and essays of literary merit. To illustrate—"Topsyturvydom" describes the queer customs in other countries; "Funnies Are Their Worst Entertainment" is the tirade of a confirmed comic-strip follower, denouncing the degrading principles of the colored sheets, and "On the Record" is a brief background of the hep-cat's heaven.

"Red Airpower in the Baltic" is an extremely well-informed and easily-read article, and "A Voice from Down Under" is the literary contribution of the month; it introduces the reader to Eileen Duggan, little-known Cathoic poet from Australia.

We hope we do not speak an incontrovertible truth and that we have merely succumbed to the weakness of a moment when we say that it looks as though magazines edited by men's colleges are more mature, thoughtful and cleverly written than the creative efforts of the college girl.

Connais Moi . . .

MARIE NOEL

Passerby, though laughter and tears
Of my whole life you may see;
Though I narrate long the years
And you hearken well to me;
Though you watch me 'round the clock,
Leave no step nor gesture free—
Even peering through the lock
You will not know me!

And when my released soul passes
Momently, before your soul
Brilliant in the flaming masses
Of High Judgment—of life's goal;
When—like a poem—God reads it
Midst the angels' kindly mirth
You will not know—though you heed it—
That which I was on the earth.

Must you wait through a long, empty life
to learn of me?
You would know me completely the
moment you love me. . . .

Translated from the French by Grace Lund

Delicate Imagery in . . .

Green and Silver Iridescence

BETTY JONES

WHO is the imposing lady smoking a cigar and conversing brilliantly on the literature of the day? The question was often asked in America about 1915 or 1920, and the answer was "Amy Lowell." She was one of the phenomena of her time.

Physically, Amy Lowell was big and fat, but she had strong, finely modeled features and an impressive, leonine head. At times, she could be extremely regal and dignified. She was, in common with many large people, light on her feet and an excellent dancer. Through this ability to dance she had won popularity as a Boston debutante. She also rode daringly and well, and she loved animals. "Sevenels," the estate in Brookline where she lived most of her life, allowed her ample room for pets. The most notorious of these were the English sheep dogs she kept until the food rationing of the World War made it impossible.

Member of a distinguished Boston family, Amy Lowell had been surrounded with the best "Brahmin" traditions. James Russell Lowell was a cousin of innumerable degrees, but, distinguished gentleman though he was, he seemed to her more or less of a skeleton in the closet. He was a dignified, austere old man before whom, as a child, she had curtsied at family parties. As an adult writer, she resented him and disliked to have her talent ascribed to this famous member of her family. This aversion was publicized in "A Critical Fable," which appeared at first anonymously, but whose authorship Miss Lowell finally admitted.

Other members of her family were only less distinguished. Her brother Abbott became president of Harvard; another brother traveled extensively in the Orient to write one of the first American books about the East. There were statesmen, business men, men of letters in her family tree. The Lowell home at Brookline, Massachusetts, was one of culture, noted for its private library, a rendezvous for Boston's literary wits.

There is some question as to whether or not Amy Lowell is a major American poet, but there is no doubt that her influence on American literature has been considerable. Accustomed always to be surrounded with the highest examples of literature and art, associated with scholars and brilliant men from her childhood, she turned naturally to literature for self-expression. The energy and strength of will of her Puritan ancestors was changed in her into an intense intellectual and artistic activity. Once she had decided that poetry was to be her medium, she devoted the rest of her life to perfecting her own work, to giving a new vitality to poetic forms.

Eleanora Duse, on her initial trip to Boston in 1902, so affected Miss Lowell that she wrote her first serious poem in honor of The Duse. However, Amy felt that she was not yet ready to venture publicly into the field of poetry, and she published nothing further for nearly ten years, devoting all her time to study and practise of her art.

Thus it happened that the first collection of Miss Lowell's poems, "A Dome of Many Colored Glass," was published in 1912. It is a quiet, charming book already showing the power of imagery that was to be so prominent in her later works.

This valuable poetic gift of imagery was further stimu-

lated by familiarity with the contemporary literary movement in France. Miss Lowell's mother, herself deeply interested in French literature, saw to it that her daughter reached maturity with an expert knowledge of the language. Thus equipped, Amy read and translated the work of many French writers especially those of the modern school. The French symbolist movement appealed to her, and she learned much of the spiritual value of images. Her poem "Bright Sunlight" is proof that she learned the intimate and enriching part nature can play in imagist poetry. From the French, too, she discovered a style that suited her, calling it "unrhymed cadence."

In her first enthusiasm over this new movement, Amy Lowell went to England where she met Ezra Pound, an expatriated American. An equally enthusiastic disciple of the French Symbolists or "Imagistes," as he called them, he was planning a volume of imagistic poems called "Des Imagistes." In the first issue, Pound published Amy Lowell's "In a Garden," launching her officially in the realm of symbolistic poetry. Shortly after this, however, Ezra Pound and Miss Lowell disagreed and their literary paths separated. Miss Lowell introduced imagism to the United States as a new form having no affiliations with Pound and his group. There arose in America a clamor of pro's and con's concerning this "new" poetry which helped to create more interest in literature and injected a vital force into art. It is for this that Amy Lowell is most to be remembered. She helped revise American poetry at a time when new blood was most needed in that art.

Stimulated further, Miss Lowell plunged into a vortex of work. She kept on with her own poetry, lectured on the new form, and translated poetry from other languages. In

this latter work, aided and spurred on by her brother and her friend Florence Ayscough, she has given us some lovely Chinese poems. The cool, glowing colors of jade and porcelain provided a marvelous medium for an imagistic poet, as is shown in her translation of "The Retreat of Hsieh Kung," by Li L'ai-Po:

"The sun is setting—has set—on the Spring—green mountains.
Hsieh Kung's retreat is solitary and still.
No sound of man in the bamboo grove.
The white moon shines in the centre of the unused garden pool.
All around the ruined Summer-house is decaying grass.
Grey mosses choke the abandoned well.
There is only the free, clear wind,
Again—again—passing over the stones of the Spring."

The narrative and descriptive abilities of Amy Lowell and her love of form led her to a deep interest in the England of Queen Anne. She wrote the poem that is most widely known of all her work, "Patterns," dealing with this period. The story is charming, beautifully colored and precise. The whole is reminiscent of the scene of a ballet, the theme of a pattern recurring throughout the poem. There is the pattern of the formal Eighteenth Century garden; the pattern of the lady's gown; the pattern of the fountain; the fantastic thought of a flight from patterns; and the cruel pattern of war. The style itself suggests formality, grace, charm, and the light, tinkling music of the period of Queen Anne:

"My dress is richly figured,
and the train
Makes a pink and silver stain

on the gravel, and the thrift
of the borders . . . .
And I walked into the garden,
Up and down the patterned paths,
In my stiff, correct brocade.
The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly
in the sun,
Each one . . . .
'For the man who would loose me is dead,
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,
In a pattern called a war.' "

The popularity of this poem is probably due to the story and to the delicate, exquisite touches of imagery and color.

This poem is the polished result of Miss Lowell's particular genius for writing. The whole purpose of her mature life was the injection of new life into a dying American art. She projected into this crusade her fierce revolt against the demands of her station and ancestry, and against her personal fate. She looked upon herself as doomed to a lonely life because of her peculiar physical make-up and her odd personality.

Her intense interest in free verse and imagism, transferred to other poets, provided the complete break needed to stop the dead, meaningless utterances of the majority of poets preceding her in America. Not a great creative artist, nor even one whose work is remembered now, yet when she died in 1925, she had liberated forces that were to have a lasting effect on our literature. Her gaudy and unnatural writing was, for all its artificiality, a new means of expression.

The quality that makes Amy Lowell appeal to a reader

is the remarkable verbal resourcefulness, delicate imagery, and polished simplicity which distinguished much of her form. Her poems are often richly drawn paintings—every detail clear, although the subject of the poem itself may not be emotion-provoking. Her poem "An Aquarium," is an example of this quality and forms a lovely picture with which to end this discussion of Amy Lowell:

"Streaks of green and silver iridescence,
Silver shiftings,
Rings veering out of rings,
Silver—gold—
Grey—green opaqueness sliding down,
With sharp white bubbles,
Shooting and dancing,
Flinging quickly outward."

Drama

There was darkness in the Heavens—
And the footlights of the world
Were aglow; and people waited
For the drama to begin.
Up above the stars like children
Pushed each other to and fro;
(This was all behind the curtain
Which was muffling the din);
"You go first," a starlet shouted
Pushing one with all his might,
So the first small gleam in Heaven
Was a bashful little actor,
An excited little actor
Blinking with delight.

CATHERINE RICKERT

Out of the Here Into the There

A Journey with a Sacrifice

LORRAINE GOULD

SHE stood on Steerage Rock, watching the heart of day slowly sink with crimson majesty, its great rays like golden fingers of a throbbing hand laid in sunset benediction . . . earth's daily *Dies Ire.*

The sunset seemed much like the one a year ago that very day—a year ago when he had taken her up there. He had driven the car as far as the narrow road wound around the thimble-like mountain called Steerage Rock, and then they had climbed the last half mile to the top. Breathless they had sat and watched the clouds drift over in fragments, "going", he had said, "like life out of the here into the there."

Later they had opened the box of "conglomeration" and laughed about the way they had collected their menu—salami from a meat truck, whose good-natured driver finally, with genial acquiescence, had sold them a "retail portion". They had bought cold slaw and pumpernickel, coffee and Camels from the puzzled counterman at a diner next to the gas station nestled at the foot of the mountain. They had munched the salami, talked philosophy, and thrilled to the wonder of their ardor for the same things and yet their contrast to each other—the power of their love, so strong that the divergence of their individual backgrounds seemed something which only bound them more securely to each other. Always they had loved one another; ever since she could remember he had figured in the things she liked best to do and to remember. When she was very little and used

to come up to the country, he had been her knight in armor. After dinner at night they would pop corn in the fire place while she sat on the hassock and saw Indian chiefs and their tribe dance through the flames at the command of his voice. She was six—he was ten, then.

Years came and went, and vacations meant most when he came to the city; they heard concerts and went to the theatre.

They had talked about those things that day a year ago when they came here to Steerage Rock. They had gazed down upon the valley below, and he had pointed land marks to her that were precious to them both, bringing back memories of their glorious comradeship—the lake where they had tipped out of the canoe the time she had insisted her kitten should be a sailor! The fields down there came together in patchety crazy quilt fashion and she thought of the Thanksgiving Day when they had hiked across them to the mountain range behind which the sun was dropping now. It had snowed that day and before long they were like two ghosts out of the somewhere into the anywhere of nature. But they were living ghosts, eager to trudge on and delight in the ever new transformations. In some of the fields the stubby corn stalks spired through the snow like aged veterans of a remnant army. Later they had come to the mountain and started into a pine world laden with the powdery veil of the increasing celestial flakes. Rabbits with sharp little bright eyes and upright ears scurried across their paths and peeked at them from vantage points.

On the way home that day he cut a comical figure, drawing forth a huge cigar, clutching it in the corner of his mouth in mock intensity; once lighted, its smoking was an

impossibility, for the snow was melting on his battered felt hat which he had tipped sideways and forward, forming a little rivulet which dripped in a steady waterfall on the tip of the cigar. They walked snow-quilted stone walls and hummed popular tunes and later sang Christmas carols, for the cleanliness of the countryside around them inspired only what celebrated the glory of a new soul and the advent of purity, dawn of Love.

The purple lake was as if fringed with gold vaporizing into gilded shafts, thread-like, reaching unto the nucleus of light and heat; something of each of them seemed to reach out and unite in the flaming absorption of that sunset.

They recognized the power and beauty of that which bound them together, and gloried in its recognition and before that Almighty Benediction vowed themselves to each other and promised a year from that day they would ascend Steerage Rock and spend their wedding eve in renewing that Benediction.

The sun sank. Love and Eternity murmured.
It had been a year—she had returned.
The sun sank. Eternity murmured.
She must go to him down there in the purple of the valley.

* * *

She entered the room. It was filled with the odor of roses and dark, except for the glimmer of two tall candles. She walked toward the quivering radiance—no sound save the beating of her heart. She bent and kissed him—on the forehead. Then she knelt and prayed by him who had gone out of the here into the there.

Miracles Do Happen

Out of Peace Times

ISMAY HILLY

THE quaint city of Media was small but nevertheless impressive with its numerous white marble buildings, its wide, smooth boulevards, its stately parks. Beneath the noon day sun it glistened like a world of countless diamonds laid against the wavering velvet of the hills. With war waging around it for almost two years, it had escaped the slightest destruction. Composed mostly of women, children and old men, the inhabitants were a quiet, peaceful group. All those able to bear arms had long since departed to join either force in the conflict.

As it nestled there in mock peace, a distant murmur—a low, continuous drone was heard in the air. It grew louder. Those who were on the streets looked up and saw the flashing wings of more than six gigantic planes advancing in the sky. With measured precision, in perfect formation they were soon flying over the city. Without the slightest warning, suddenly they turned and swooped down toward the buildings, gorging forth a shower of bombs upon this defenseless and unsuspecting people.

The first missile struck, and scattered its encased fury. People dashed from their homes, clutching frightened infants, only to be snatched up and tossed aside as a fresh detonation shook the earth. Buildings tumbled upon the frantic crowds—crushing them to pulp. Disfiguring holes scarred the earth; the roar of hissing flames drowned the pitiful groans of the dying.

Their work done, the planes, like vultures leaving a feast, winged their flight toward the smoke-black horizon. They left utter and complete ruin. Only the crackling fires broke the ominous silence. In that desolation the faintest sign of life seemed impossible. And yet,—a movement in the debris before the ruined church indicated the presence of some living person. Slowly, tortuously, the wreckage was pushed aside; a brown-skinned face topped by curly, ebony hair emerged. Stumbling to its feet a slight figure stood, swaying dazedly amidst the crackling inferno that was once the proud habitat of men.

A blood-streaked hand reached hesitatingly into an inside pocket of the ragged clothing, touched the contents therein with reverence and relief and then dropped again to its owner's side. Waveringly, the boy, for he was a lad of scarce thirteen years, began to move, picking his way cautiously through the mounds of broken masonry. After an hour's halting progress, he reached the outskirts of the once beautiful city. There he gazed with horror on the smoldering ashes. Then, motivated by a grim determination, he started wearily to trudge along the main road.

Five hours later, the ragged, mud-bespattered figure staggered into the picturesque village of San Pedro. He approached a house set back from the road in a grove of olive trees where his knock was answered by a cheerful woman carrying a baby in her arms.

"What is it you want, Muchacho?" she inquired pleasantly.

"Please, Señora, can you direct me to the Padre?"

"Why, of course, little one, it is just over there across the road. But you are hurt. What has happened?"

Not waiting to answer her questions, the lad with a

muttered word of thanks crossed to the place she had indicated. Almost hidden by the trailing branches of laden orange trees, a white, adobe church shone in the sun. A little apart from the crossed-top building stood a small dwelling in the midst of a minute garden. The air was sweet with the perfume of orange blossoms, the soft song of nesting birds, but this loveliness did not arrest the haggard boy's attention. Turning his faltering steps along the bordered path toward the house, he rapped urgently, though feebly, on the oaken door. Presently, a venerable old cleric opened the door, inquired his wishes. Silently reaching into his pocket, the boy drew forth a treasured object. Incredulously the priest looked upon it. The youngster's blanched lips moved as he muttered incoherently, stilled as he slumped, fainting.

"Antonio, come quickly," called the curate, "and help me carry this boy into the house." To this demand Antonio quickly responded.

He tenderly lifted the slim, still figure and laid it on a small white bed within the house. An hour later, resting comfortably in clean raiment, the boy looked into the questioning eyes of the priest.

"My son," said the old man at length, "how did that sacred pyx come into your possession?"

A shadow crossed the boy's pale face; his slight body became tense with emotion.

"Padre," he whispered, "it is a terrible thing that has happened. I shall tell you everything. My name is Jose Manuello, and I came from the city of . . ." Here a shudder shook the sobs from him in anguish. Determined to proceed, he lifted his head and continued . . . "the city of Media. Early this afternoon, I heard a sound in the sky.

I looked up and saw many huge planes. At first I thought they were wonderful. I didn't know they had come to kill us. But they dropped bombs and killed everyone, even . . . my madre." The boy's face worked convulsively and he swallowed hard. A few minutes more, and . . . "When the first bomb fell, I saw it strike very near the church, which burst into flames. Oh, Padre, it was horrible. I ran toward the church, knowing the Holy Eucharist was there. Inside the burning vestibule I found Father Sebastian. He was . . . dead!

"In his hand was the blessed pyx. I placed it carefully in my pocket and ran outside. As I gained the street the roof caved in. I started to run when something struck me and I knew no more. When I regained my senses I found the city ruined and everyone dead."

Again the boy's voice broke and he covered his tear-streaked face with shaking hands. The Padre placed his arm on his quivering shoulders, understandingly.

"So I started on my way here, Padre, to give you this pyx. It was such a long way and I was so tired, I'm so glad I finally arrived here."

As the boy's voice died away, all was still in the room. With a sorrowful, incredulous look on his listener's face, the priest broke the silence.

"A miracle! It was a miracle that you lived through that bombing. But it is a miracle that I can understand." "My son, you have shown great devotion to the Holy Eucharist by your brave act. In that terrible time your first thought was for God. How truly you must love Him. I know that your family and friends are gone, but you are young and time is a great healer. Our Lord has shown his thanks for your unselfish deed and rewarded you with—life."

Agnus Dei

When little Agnes came to Heaven
The angel children welcomed her;
They formed two ranks from open gates
To God's own throne, where He awaits
To take account.

They sprinkled stardust in her path
All littered with celestial flowers,
And voices from Cecelia's choir
Began quite low, but higher, higher
Did they mount.

For Heaven had a guest of honor
And festive spirit had to reign;
And Jesus gave the child a gift,
Light enough for her to lift,
A tiny lamb.

CATHERINE RICKERT

The Quarterly

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Editorial

Are You Mentally Sluggish?

Births are commonplace, rebirths less frequent, yet quite as intriguing. Births are characterized by vigor, rebirths by renewed vigor. Renewed vigor presupposes concentrated effort, sometimes sacrifice.

The verdant season known as spring is virtually a rebirth. But for its evidences of renewed vigor, shall we not depend upon the poet? Suffice it to say that the scourge of winter is soon forgotten when spring resuscitates the earth.

Whether any but this writer felt herself in an utter and complete intellectual stalemate in the last month, is a question which would be most truthfully answered in the affirmative. A state of human vegetation, so devoid of even blizzards and storms of intermittent effort, was this that the winter of the mind was essentially dead. Some peculiar property of pre-spring weather eases a ready, and even a protesting mind into such brackish stagnation.

But once submerged in its murky, though acrid, depths it takes more than concentrated endeavor to rout one's self from such a comfortable, though nonentical existence.

Just as a glowing season follows the deformations of a severe winter, a rebirth for the mind may follow inertness with as cheerful results. So this is a plea, impassioned if you will, for a direct and forceful determination to be productive mentally for the remainder of the term. It can be done. The fruits of spring are lush green fields, summer's fullness. The fruits of intellectual activity are equally as refreshing.

SHIRLEY FITZGERALD

—And If You're Reading

A WELSHMAN'S MEMOIRS

How Green Was My Valley. By RICHARD LLEWELLYN.

MACMILLAN COMPANY. NEW YORK. 1940

Fresh, vibrant, and charming is this novel of Wales told through the sensations, feelings, and emotions of Huw, the Englished Welshman, and the youngest of the Morgans. The story of himself, his family, is typical of the life and experiences of the coal-dusty miners in South Wales.

With Huw you see the grey of their chapel, the green of their mountains. With Huw you experience the joys and sufferings, the courageousness and pettiness, the loves and hates of the Welsh people. With Huw you go down among "this folk" into their beloved valley.

The story is told in a flash-back fashion. It begins with Huw, a man in his sixties, who, having packed his two good shirts, is ready to leave his now slag-heaped fields. But before he goes, he acquaints you with his early life, his memories.

This book has everything—humor, pathos, wit, charm, depth, quaint phraseology. . . . But, unfortunately, it is not devoid entirely of a certain crudity of thought and expression. Although written in a finished, vivid, chopped style, it has a certain "raciness." But the keynote throughout is utter simplicity.

Read it if you want to love it. Read it, and you will find for yourself how green was Huw's Valley, "and the Valley of them that have gone."

CECILY ENGELHARDT

FOR THOSE WITH MUSICAL APPETITES

The Well Tempered Listener. By DEEMS TAYLOR.
SIMON AND SCHUSTER. N. Y. 1940

To anyone with a penchant for music Mr. Deems Taylor's *The Well Tempered Listener* is a refreshing gift.

He divides the book into three sections (purely arbitrary) giving the points of view from the composer, the interpreter, and the listener.

In an easy, informal, conversational style, technicalities are elucidated; the musical appetite receives a stimulating morsel. He discusses attitudes, trends, and "steals"; distinguishes between "absolute" and "program" music; and illustrates the psychology of program building.

Influencing a healthy musical development in America, this composer, interpreter, and well-tempered listener is firmly founded in the beauties of the classics and has an optimistic ear to the possibilities of the future.

LORRAINE GOULD

HELEN HAYES

Letters to Mary. By CATHERINE HAYES BROWN.
RANDOM HOUSE. N. Y. 1940

It is comparatively recently that the general reading public has discovered that biographies need not necessarily belong to the class of literature known as "heavy."

For example, Catherine Hayes Brown presents a singular account of her actress daughter Helen Hayes in *Letters to Mary.* It is by no means a brilliant biography, but is interestingly concocted in a series of charming, humorous, and intimate letters to the author's nine year old granddaughter, Mary.

The critics are wont to heap drastic criticism upon the work for its cloying sentimentalism, but we theater fans and admirers of Helen manage to forgive "Brownie" for painting the picture as only a mother would or could!

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." The foremost actress of the American Theater in her thirty-nine years plays many parts. Lights! Curtain! . . . and scene after scene unravels a tremendous personality whose colorfulness onstage is rivaled only by the heart-warming shades of reality.

Such figures as Lew Fields, John Drew, and William Gillette share Helen's childhood experiences, while a few debutante dilemmas are caused by Vernon Castle and Alan Rhinehart. The stories of her love-life with Charles MacArthur and her adventures in Hollywood are in the nature of new revelations of her personality and activities. Ultimately, we enthusiastically re-live with our heroine her crowning triumphs as "Coquette", "Mary of Scotland", and "Victoria Regina." All remind us to applaud Helen Hayes for another genuine performance throughout these 339 pages, with a toast to "Brownie" for the introduction backstage! The book is extravagantly illustrated!

MARILYN BROPHY

MORE OF GERMANY

The Voice of Destruction. By HERMANN RAUSCHNING. G. PUTNAM'S SONS. 1940

Here is another gripping book on the headstrong leader who is determined to conquer the world for his Germany.

The Voice of Destruction was written by a man who was an intimate associate of Hitler's party between the years

of 1932-1935. By presenting actual conversations which occurred between the various Nazi leaders, he reveals the true aims of the National Socialist machine. These aims adhere to a major tenet of Herr Hitler's philosophy, namely that everything is in a constant state of flux and accordingly all laws are determined by the society of the German nation.

The reader is impressed with the personalities who formulate the heart of the social organism of this European country. Competition in obtaining their Fuehrer's favor, mistrust in each other, and finally disagreement with the ideas of Hitler himself, are all revealed effectively. The most exciting material concerns the man Hitler. Before the reader appears an individual who is at the same time producer, director, and actor of a play which he feels must be enacted strictly along certain lines. In the course of the performance, the actor sometimes drops out of character and instead of appearing unselfish, dynamic, self-confident, and sure of his decisions, he becomes spoiled, affected by moods of hysteria, unassured, and vacillating. He constantly tries to justify his actions by carrying on lengthy, one-sided conversations. He likes to believe that many of the ideas of persons such as Nietzche, or Wagner were notions which originated in him, the leader of the German people.

The book, indeed, is as stirring as its title.

CLARA RISOLI

FIRST PRINCIPLES IN POETRY

Lyric Poems by WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

P. J. KENEDY AND SONS. N. Y. 1939

William Thomas Walsh has once more contributed nobly to the field of literature. His latest work is a volume

of lyric poems, the execution of which shows an ability equal to the best among his contemporaries. Even to the casual reader it is evident that Mr. Walsh is alert to little things which strike home in a peculiarly personal fashion.

However, his interest does not stop here, and he delves down to first principles and fundamental theories of Catholicity and common sense. Nor does this tendency rob his poetry of any of its singular delicacy. This poet's touch is light and lovely, but the potency that lies in his subject matter is not obscured by his treatment. This book deserves high rating.

CATHERINE RICKERT

THROUGH HUNDRED GATES

By Noted Converts from Twenty-two Lands. Translated by SEVERIN AND STEPHEN LAMPING, O.F.M.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO. MILWAUKEE. 1939

The great Knute Rockne wrote, upon seeing his boys rise at 5:30 in order to attend Mass the morning of a serious football game for Notre Dame, ". . . I understood for the first time what a powerful ally their religion was to those boys in their work on the football field. Then it was that I really began to see light; to know what was missing in my life. . . ." A short time later he entered our Catholic Church.

In this book, Fathers Severin and Stephen Lamping, O.F.M., have compiled the personal accounts of forty-one different converts to the Catholic Church. They range from

a Church of England minister to Admiral Shingiro S. Yamamoto of the Japanese navy.

The stories are sincere and moving. Not only are they interesting, but in this day of confusion and unhappiness they are soul inspiring. To quote the publisher, who states the words so aptly that it would seem a shame not to pass them on, "It is a challenge to Catholics and non-Catholics alike. A book, which once read, will be reread and passed on to others."

The translations have been adroitly handled by Severin and Stephen Lamping, O.F.M.

SUE SHERWOOD

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